

Puck

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THE SUNDAY-CLOSING FANATIC.
HE IS ALWAYS DOING THE DOG-IN-THE-MANGER ACT.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 7th, 1893.—No. 848.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
SUNDAY
OBSERVANCE.**

THE FOLLOWING letter reads as if it were written with honest intent:

Newport News, Va.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK.

Heretofore I have been in favor of keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday, because I thought it would keep many people out of bad places. I know the value of a day of absolute rest for workingmen. Now the visitors at the Fair will not need this rest as the workingmen who are employed there will, and the example will certainly be a strong one towards what religious fanatics call "desecration." Sunday is sacred, to my memory, on account of the blessed rest I used to enjoy when I was a workingman. And the Great Creator of a universe certainly knew what He was doing when He established one day in seven for rest. Sunday is for "rest," but many people have the mistaken idea that it is for "worship only." And we should do all we can to preserve the day for "Rest." Kindly do what you can to have the World's Fair and Chicago's dens kept closed one day in seven.

Very respectfully, W. W. NESBIT.

Mr. Nesbit seems to forget that this poor old world would hardly get along so well as it does if it had not by general consent adopted the majority rule. The greatest good of the greatest number is a principle that is constantly obliging the one man to sacrifice himself for the many—and no one, as yet, has discovered a better working principle for the guidance of human beings in the daily affairs of life. Our civilization long ago made it impossible that *all* men should select the same day to rest in. If some men did not work on Sunday, thousands of others would have no work at all. And, as a matter of fact, things are so adjusted that the hardship to the Sunday workers is practically reduced to a minimum. Factory fires and furnaces must be kept going over Sunday, watchmen must guard business buildings, policemen must remain on duty, meals must be cooked and served, and countless other works of necessity must involve the doing of Sunday work by some portion of the best regulated populace in the civilized world.

As to this particular case of the World's Fair, the amount of hardship involved, to the handful of people concerned, is, to the good that will accrue to hundreds and hundreds of thousands of their fellow-men by the Sunday opening, as a mole-hill to Mount Everest. We agree with Mr. Nesbit that the Creator knew what He was about when He established one day in seven for rest. Our Sunday rest has become a part of us, and we could not be made to do without it. But there are many ways of resting. The mail-carrier demands a different sort of rest from the man who sits at a desk through the week; and both have divine precedent for seeking freedom from everything which wearies or disturbs. When the Creator rested He doubtless put in the day in joyous contemplation of His handiwork, the new earth. Was n't that a sort of original World's Fair? Is there any evidence that He locked the gates of the world, blinded His eyes to its beauty, or specified that Man could worship only in church? Sunday is becoming more and more our national outing day—a day of rest and worship. Now, those excellent Pharisees, the Sabbatarians, are narrow enough to insist that their own definition of "rest" shall prevail; and, to enforce it, they have threatened to resort to the strike or boycott of the labor organizations. They deny us the right to worship except as they worship, which would be a serious matter if their course had any other effect than to lessen their own power. It is this absurd spirit of intolerance that has taught the average workingman that the church is his enemy. The man who spends a part of his Sunday in a park, or an art-gallery, worships his Creator just to the extent that their beauties impress him. True, few men realize that they are worshipping at such times; nevertheless their worship is as honest and as elevating as the conscious lip-worship of the church-goer. If the Church could rid itself of its heathenish belief in this matter, it would see that its power as a civilizing agent depends upon its wise treatment of Sunday. Its religious services are good as far as they go, and we shall never be illiberal enough to insist that the churches be closed on Sunday, in order that a man may worship God in other ways; but Man demands something further than a sermon of words, and he gets it the best way he can. The World's Fair was open Sunday, May 28th. Two hundred thousand people spent a part of the day there. We do not believe all of them would have sought Chicago's dives if the fair had been closed; but, would any of them have gone to a better place than Jackson Park? We are glad that some of the Church people were sufficiently imbued with the spirit of Christ to hold religious services there. In spite of the threat of the good Presbyterian at Washington that God,

in his infinite justice, will send us the cholera if the Fair continues open; in spite of the resolve of the Society of Christian Endeavor to remain away in that event; and in spite of the demand of the truly Christlike New Englanders that troops be called out to prevent Man's choosing his own form of worship, PUCK hopes that the World's Fair, and all the parks, art-galleries, libraries, churches and other christianizing agents of the world will continue to be open to the people on the one day in the week when they are most needed.

**CONCERNING
PENSIONS AND
THE G. A. R.**

There is one fact which, if properly appreciated, should simplify the solution of our pension problem by putting an end to the senseless invectives of the men who assume to speak for the "old soldier." It is this: the people of the United States, regardless of party, are anxious to indemnify every soldier who has the least claim upon its bounty. Gratitude to the men who saved the Union is even a more vigorous sentiment to-day than it was in 1864. There never has been from any source the slightest indication of a wish to repudiate the debt. There never has been an expression of sentiment adverse to our pension system which was not specifically directed against the payment of pensions to those who do not deserve them. Therefore, the man who asserts that there is a tendency in any party to wrong the old soldier is dishonest. Let it be well understood in whose interest he speaks. He must either acknowledge himself to be the champion of fraud or else keep still. When he orates or writes about the wrongs done to "the boys in blue," he insults every honest veteran, because every honest veteran knows that his rights have been given him, and that such talk simply means that the speaker is throwing the veteran's cloak over a design to steal. This is so undeniably true that the shadow of insincerity has been cast upon the Grand Army of the Republic. The time has come when the order must show its colors. The expulsion of the Farnham Post of New York for denouncing, by resolution, the abuses of the pension system, is a blow at the integrity of the order. We do not believe that the rank and file of the order will rest under the imputation that it is a pension-grabbing machine. There is but one honest course to pursue, and that is the manly course of the Farnham Post. It should insist upon the most rigid examination of a pension list containing more names than there were enlisted men at the close of the war; and it should insist upon an amendment of the laws that have involved it in the greatest scandal our country has ever known. The Government needs the help of the Grand Army of the Republic in this work. The initiative should come from the veterans themselves, because of the natural cowardice in the matter of any legislative body. We believe the order would accomplish the hardest part of the task by declaring its willingness to give the Government its moral support on the side of right. If the old soldiers take up this fight and win it they should be as proud of the victory as any they ever won by bullets. And yet, it is only a question of deciding between plain right and wrong—of throwing out of the order the mercenaries who have disgraced it.

NOTICE.

WORLD'S FAIR PUCK may be obtained at PUCK BUILDING, World's Fair Grounds, Chicago, or from the publishers of PUCK, New York, and all newsdealers. Subscription price for *entire term* (26 weeks), \$2.50, payable in advance.



A FATAL DOSE.

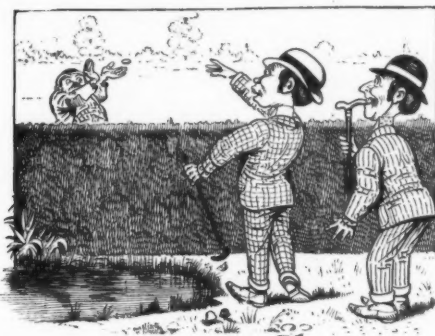
FITZ WILLIAM.—I found this here bottle o' Spring Bitters in a bar'l this mornin'.

DUSTY RHODES.—T'row it away, Fitzey. Sposen dey was to cure you of "that tired feeling!" You might want to work!

A TWO-EDGED JOKE.



DOLLY DIMPLE (*a daredevil*).—Say, Bobby, we'll play a joke on the tramp. Give him a quarter to jump over the hedge. He'll do it, and land in the ditch;—ha! ha! ha!



TO WEARY RAGGLES.—Hi, me deah boy! Here's a quarter; let me see you jump the hedge.



Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!

CONSIDERATE.

MAY THUMPER.—Shall I play something?

BEN THAIR.—Oh, no! I really can not stay, and I would n't have you suspect it was on that account.

HE THAT runs may read; but it may be his opponent's inaugural.



WEARY RAGGLES.—Much obliged, gents. I'd stand a good deal of mud for five beers.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

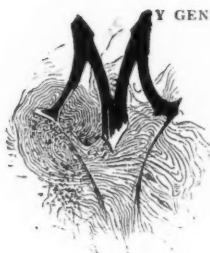
JAQUES. — "All the world's a stage—"
TOUCHSTONE (*interrupting*). — Yes; but it's only up to the standard on a windy day.

LUCK MAY be defined as that which enables our neighbors to surpass ourselves.

IF A PERSON who is inclined to deafness happens to be in the company, you are made to feel how few of your remarks are really worth repeating.

"TO ERR IS HUMAN."—Who is there may doubt it?—
As also is to straightway lie about it.

MY NURSE AND I.



MY GENTLE nurse has hair of gold,
And eyes of heavenly blue;
Beneath her snowy cap they gleam,
So winning, sweet and true.

The rustle of her fresh, print gown—
The patter of her feet—
Her low voice in the evening time—
Are so much music,—sweet.

She raises me with gentle care
And turns my pillow oft,
And smooths my fevered, throbbing brow,
With palm so cool and soft.

She hums an air when lights are low,
To soothe me in my care,
And, e'er I miss her from my side,
Again she's standing there.

I do not speak my love—and she,—
She loves as well as I—
Oh, could I have my gentle nurse,
My gentle nurse for aye!

I touch her golden curls—she smiles
But will not draw away;
And when I seek to take her hand
She does not say me nay.

Could I but speak and urge the thing,—
I think she'd stay—all told
I guess I know a thing or two,
Though only two weeks old.

A. Manning.

A SOLITARY GUEST.

"Was you ever in society, Dusty?" asked Weary Wilkins of his brother tramp.

"Was I? Well, I guess! I was give a dinner by the Wanderbilt family, in Nooport, wunst."

A PLEASANT CHANGE.

MRS. LARKIN.—I want a little money to-day, Fred.

MR. LARKIN.—I'm very glad of that.

MRS. LARKIN (*surprised*).—Why are you glad?

MR. LARKIN.—Because generally you want a good deal.

THE RETORT UNFILIAL.

FATHER.—In olden times children used to marry in accordance with the wishes of their parents.

SON.—Yes; but the world was n't progressing so rapidly then as it is now, and, as a rule, children did n't know any more than their parents did.

EVEN THE worm will turn. If given time, into a butterfly.


CONSIDERED FROM the standpoint of the red, red gold, the most expensive kind of a meal is a free-lunch.



DISADVANTAGEOUS HONESTY.

HAROLD FLAME.—Miss Van Sere has such an honest face!

MAY BLUME (*her dearest friend*).—Yes; it can't even deny her age.



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

CLAD IN the simple piazza dress which she had made over from her graduation gown, Annette Lykens stood idly by the picket gate one bright afternoon. It had been clear weather now for two glorious Summer weeks, and the fair girl's heart was cheered by the prospect for crops in that section and range of Labette County, Kansas.

All at once, far down the dusty road, appeared a dim speck which arrested Annette's attention. Growing rapidly larger and larger it soon took the shape of a man in store-clothes, who gave every evidence of being hotly pursued, as indeed must have been the case with the thermometer where it was. A few moments and the stranger lay gasping at her feet.



"Save me," he murmured. "If you do not, you must have a heart of stone, indeed."

"I do not know that that follows," said Annette, "but it is the right thing for you to say. Take this pair of jean trousers, this rake and straw hat; go into yonder five-acre lot, and try to look natural. But, first, why are they on your trail?"

A dark, hunted look came into the stranger's handsome face, and he glanced fearfully around as he replied—in a tremulous whisper: "I have been trying to foreclose!"

"You are, then, an Eastern mortgagee?"

"I am."

There was a moment's silence. "Who are your mortgagors?" presently inquired Miss Lykens, her calm and melodious voice betray-

ing no signs of the agitation which she felt.

"Do not ask me. They themselves as yet know not of my presence; my errand was betrayed by my making inquiries of the Recorder of Deeds in your county town. The citizens rose. I eluded them and started across the country for the railroad. And now I throw myself on your mercy."

"One word. You who have grown rich at your trade of usury, do you count among your victims the old man, Hiram B. Lykens, of this county?"

"I do," came the low, reluctant answer.

For an instant the girl's features quivered. Then, recovering herself, she drew up her figure to its full height, and pointing to the five-acre lot said, with simple nobility, "I have passed my promise. Hasten now, for I hear them coming."

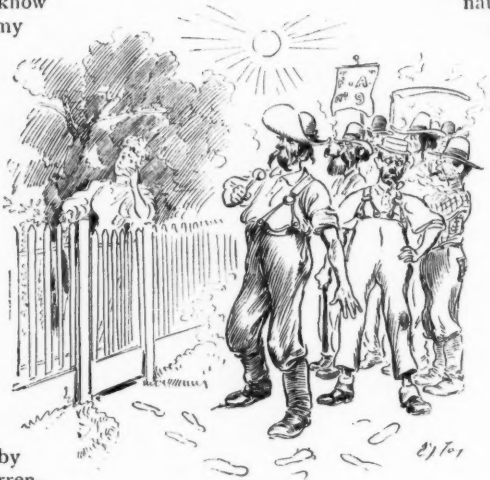
Her keen ear, trained to interpret the muffled sounds of the prairie, did not err. Scarce ten minutes had passed ere she was surrounded by an angry crowd of natives, who demanded the surrender of the refugee.

"We know he kem yer," exclaimed their leader, a truculent looking giant, armed with a rosewood gavel; "for thar is his tracks, and thar they end." But we shall not attempt to reproduce the peculiarities of his uncouth dialect. "The dust of our Kansas roads," he exclaimed, "preserves the trail of our enemies. Let those who tread them look well to their dealings with us, ere they attempt to escape along them, from this locality!"

"I know not whom ye seek," replied the undaunted girl. "But has he not the right to come here asking for his own?"

There was an outburst of astonishment and disapprobation. "What!" cried a sallow but stern-eyed individual, whose bent shoulders betokened him of the newspaper profession: "the daughter of Hiram Lykens, a leading member of our Alliance, utter such sentiments!"

"My father is no Alliance man," retorted Miss Lykens. "Not while I am in the house he can't be," she continued, forgetting in her enthusiasm the rule against the double negative.



A low growl of portentous import followed this announcement, and several of those who had already spoken were heard to cry out, not unnaturally, "Have we a traitor amongst us?"

"I am no traitor," responded Miss Lykens; "but, as a graduate of the Harvard Annex, I am free to express my entire dissent from your doctrines." Delicately gathering up her skirts, she here assumed a favorable position on the elevation afforded by the front stoop. Then, sustained by the righteousness of her cause, she began, without delay, to speak.

It is questionable whether residents of Labette County had ever before heard the absurdities of the silver craze, the unconstitutionality of legislation impairing the obligation of contracts, and the unsoundness of the theory of paternal government more concisely and conclusively exposed. As they gazed at the slight form before them, it seemed miraculous that such force of logic and wealth of illustration could emanate from the girl whom they had known as a mere child in bonnets and calico.

Cries of "Encore!" rose spontaneously to their lips. Yet were they unconvinced.

"This is what comes of sending our daughters East to be educated," muttered a gray-haired patriarch.

Alone among the throng a young man hung his head, abashed and seemingly disconcerted by her eloquence. Miss Lykens perceived him, and beckoned him to the front with an imperious gesture.

"You, George Bodley!" she exclaimed; "do I see you among these unthinking, wrong-headed men? Oh, shame upon you! Have you so soon forgotten the tenets you embraced at Yale during those happy years when we corresponded on Spencer, Adam Smith and our plans for the future? Can this transformation be indeed as real as apparent?"

"Annette," said the youth, with a despairing gesture, "since then I have gone into politics."

"Then leave them!" cried the girl. "For I tell you here and now that in 1894 the Farmers' Alliance won't be in it."

As they faltered, discouraged by what seemed a prophecy of ill-omen, the keen eye of the editor espied an unfamiliar figure in the five-acre lot.

"Shake off this spell!" he cried. "Gentlemen, there is our prize. Yon is no hired man. See—he is working!"

At this disclosure all turned, and a cry of satisfied vengeance escaped them. Was then, all Annette's self-sacrifice to go for naught? Rapidly she summoned her faculties to meet the situation.

"George Bodley!" she commanded, "assist me."

The youth would have responded, but the evil eye of the editor deterred him.

"You never loved me," she said, concentrating all her scorn into one supreme glance. "Well, then, gentlemen, hear me! If you carry out your fell design, as the heavens stretch above us, I will denounce you to the labor organizations as the perpetrators of a murderous assault upon the only true working-man in Kansas!"

In a few moments Annette was alone, save for one haggard-eyed and trembling youth.

"Forgive me!" he besought. "I knew not what I did."

"Go, George Bodley!" replied the maiden, proudly.

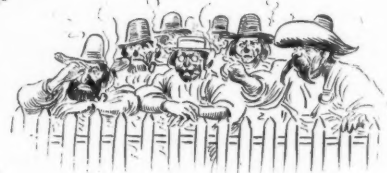
He got, which, in his case was the proper tense of the verb "to go."

The stranger, his confident bearing restored, and the flush once more suffusing his cheeks, fell at Annette's feet. "You have saved me!" he said.

"Get up!" she replied gently, "and come in to supper. My father wants to see you."

Two months later Labette County saw the merriest wedding that had e'er graced its hypothecated soil.

Among the many rich gifts Annette received, the one she prized the most was the simple token slipped into her hand by her lover on her wedding morn—a Release of Mortgage.



Thomas Wharton.

HE UNDERSTOOD THE CASE.

FARMER.—I must hurry and milk the cows.
CITY FRIEND.—I suppose the milk will sour if you do not.

NO NEWS is good news when a rival paper has it.

LOVE BRINGS a flutter to the heart, and a flutter to the tongue.

THE POET'S JOKE.

"That new suit of Canebrake's is a perfect poem, is n't it?"
"Yes; he calls it an 'Owed to his Tailor!'"



SPIRITUAL TREATMENT.

CALLER.—Be jabbers, yez got full pretty early in th' day, Finnegan.

FINNEGAN.—Yis; I wanted a bottle t' git some medicine in, an' imptied me whiskey bottle; an' now I fale so much better I don't want th' medicine.

THE ENDLESS ROUND.

Oh, much the weary world prefers
Molasses sweet or treacle
To tiresome funsmiths' lauds and slurs
About the *fin du siècle*.*

* Special dispensation from Parnassus for this rhyme.



BUSINESS ADVICE.

MRS. OBENSTEIN.—Isaac's found a cent; I tell him to put it in his bank.

ISAAC.—No, I vunt; I vill wait fer ther reward.

MR. OBENSTEIN.—No, no, Isaac; you petter puy somedings fer a penny und sell it fer dree cents, und den Popper let's you haf a five-cent handkerchief at gost price.

RAILWAY INFORMATION.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—If you call the main track a trunk line, what do you call these little branches to the suburbs?

HOWSON LOTTS.—Oh, they're bundle lines.

IN THE CLASSICAL STYLE.

MR. CONSTANT PONDERER.—Do you, sir, consider man to be the apex of creation?

MR. REST.—No; the Ex-ape.

SURE TO SELL.

That man has a great, big head
Who recently, undismayed,
Introduced a moustache saucer
For the country trade.



INTERESTED SOLICITUDE.

WILKINS.—Ah! If there is anything I like to see, it is conjugal affection. Just look at the care Popleigh is taking of his wife.

BILKINS.—Yes; he told me yesterday that that dress costs him seventy-five dollars.

NOT SAFE.

MISS CRIMSON.—I am surprised that a Boston man should go to any college but Harvard.

DICK ELON.—Oh, well, you know, a fellow does n't want to go to a college too near where he lives.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

INDIGNANT SMALL GIRL.—You ought to be President—you like to boss so well.

MORE INDIGNANT SMALL BOY.—If I was, you'd want to be my wife, so 's to boss me!

SECURITY.

PEDESTRIAN.—You'd better look out for that rickety ladder, or you'll break your neck.

VON SAUERKRAUT.—I guess it vas all right. I would n't have very high to fall, alreatty.

OF RELATIVE IMPORTANCE.

BERTIE SLIMLEY.—Miss Wiggle, I—ah—that is—don't you know, I love you. Will you—ah—can you—?

MISS WIGGLE.—Really, Mr. Slimley, I must take time to consider. In the meantime you may be a sister to me.



GOOD POINTS.



MR. RUSHBONE.—Dat 'pears to be a kinder skittish anermil. Mistah Watson; but I 'se doan' see no use starbin' de berry bones out'en his hide.



MR. WATSON (as the mule grows restless).—Yo' doan't, doan't yo'! Well, jes look at dat, den. No goin' ober his head dar—



—An' de backward spring is jes' as good'

AN OBSERVATION.

This world would be a splendid place
And always fair and sunny,
If we could clip the wings of love,
Likewise the wings of money.



INDISPENSABLE.

MRS. MCSHANE.—But phwat are ye takin' thot big shilla-leh wid ye for, Pat?
MCSHANE (off for the World's Fair).—Sure, did n't ye know they hov two Oirish villages there?

THE NEXT BEST THING.

A hush fell over the young women in the telephone exchange when they saw him enter. It was not a perceptible hush; the noise of the instruments and of the operators who were engaged in saying "Hello!" kept it from being that. The visitor was a young man, but his face was full of ennui and other foreign expressions. These all vanished as he heard the din of conversation and machinery about him.

"Who is he?" asked one of the young women.

"Him?"

"Yes."

"Why, he is a man who was once a swell, but he lost his money and his friends. Whenever he gets to pining for his old associations, he comes up here and thinks of old times and feels happy."

"I don't see what he wants to come here for."

"Why, he listens to the noise, and imagines 'he 's at a Murray Hill tea."

Philander Johnson.

THE LION and the unicorn would make a better crest for Great Britain if represented as fencing with umbrellas.

NOT IN A BARREL.

"Tomorrer," said a determined-looking and raucous-voiced guest in a Niagara Hotel; "tomorrer, I 'm a-goin' over the Falls;" and he carefully adjusted one of his number 12 cowhides on the steam heater, balanced the other gracefully on the edge of a cuspidor, and looked around as one who expects adulation. There was an immediate sensation. Several drummers, who were writing letters on the paper of their respective firms, ceased their toil. One of "our representatives" who "happened to be on the spot" plucked forth his notebook with a glad look of anticipation, and a brand-new bridegroom, who had been surreptitiously smoking a five-cent cigar in a corner, threw it away and moved up closer.

"And may I ask, sir," said a benevolent old party, in horrified accents, "what preparations you have made for so hazardous an undertaking, and what vehicle you intend to employ?"

"Vehicle?" replied the stranger, as he bit off a sumptuous chew from a plug which he carried in his coat-tail pocket; "I 'm a-goin' to hire a four-wheel hack, an' I 'm a-goin' over them Falls fum one eend to the other; an' if seventy-five dollars, good legal currency, ain't preparations enough for sech an enterprise, all I kin say is, Darn Niagara."

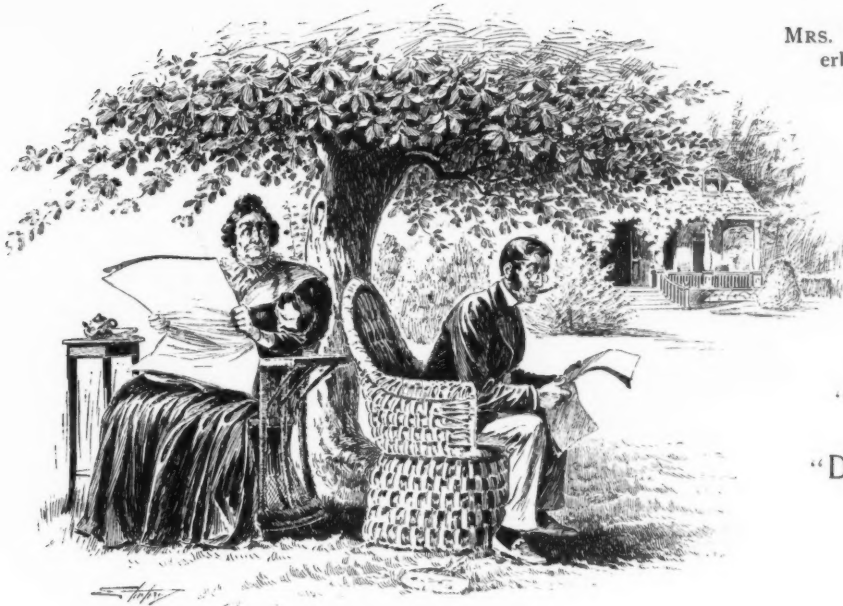
WHEN A SUMMER couple on the lake
Go drifting by the bright, green shores,
'T is proper they the pace should make
With spoon oars.



THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

MOTHER.—Now, Violet, can you give me any reason why I should n't punish you?

VIOLET.—Es, I tan; ze doctor said 'oo must n't take any vi'lent ex'cise.



TWO VIEWS.

MRS. HENRY PECK.—Is n't this terrible? A man in Pennsylvania sold his wife for fifty dollars!

HENRY PECK.—Oh, I don't know. Business is business. A man is entitled to get all he can for anything he sells.

LUCKY BRUTES.

"Clara treats me like a dog."

"Well, you don't seem to feel very bad about it."

"I should say not! She treats me as most girls treat their poodles—kisses me and loves me like everything."

A GREAT CHANCE.

MRS. BRIDIE.—I see the papers are discussing "How Women shall Dress at the World's Fair."

MR. BRIDIE.—I don't care how they dress; but I hope they'll try to knock about twenty-five minutes off of the record.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

"Did you ever compose a hymn?"

"Not quite;—that is, I've written soap advertisements."

SOFT DRINKS.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

He sings; but sadly thinks,

As he only sees her Sunday nights,

"It's a long time between drinks."

C. W.



A FAIR WARNING.

POLICEMAN.—What's the trouble here?

PROF. LEBONZO (*the serpent tamer*).—I told him to be careful with that there trunk; but he said he knew his business!

"WHILE I WAS AT THE FAIR—"

MRS. BARNES.—Hiram, what *hev'* ye bought that expensive book erbout the Chicago Fair fur?

BARNES.—Fur th' Summer boarders, o' course! Won't they need some material fer lyin' erbout w'en they go back home?

A SURPLUS IN SIGHT.

WOOL.—Joblots has a scheme to raise abundant funds to keep the streets clean by imposing a system of fines.

VAN PELT.—Whom would he fine?

WOOL.—People who use profanity in speaking of their present condition.

A SURE SIGN OF SPRING.

"It feels pretty Springy to-day, does n't it?"

"It may. I don't."

"DID YOU see that shocking straw hat De Slips is wearing?"

"Yes; another Panama scandal."

IN SOCIETY the apparel,
In the eye of the cynic railer,
Oft proclaims the heavy barrel
That is owing to the tailor



THEY GO BOTH WAYS.

PROF. WEST (*from Wayout*).—Can you tell me, Sonny, whether those cars go by cable or electricity?

SONNY.—De one wot 's going up goes by de telegraph office; d' other goes by de battery.

ALL FALSE.

BERTIE SWINGER.—What is Miss Serelefe going to do about the picnic?

MAY BLUME.—She has n't made up her mind yet.

BERTIE SWINGER.—Great Scott! Does she have to do even that?

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Despite man's struggles to retard
Her onward march, 't is seen
That woman's sphere *must* be enlarged,
And, hence, the crinoline.

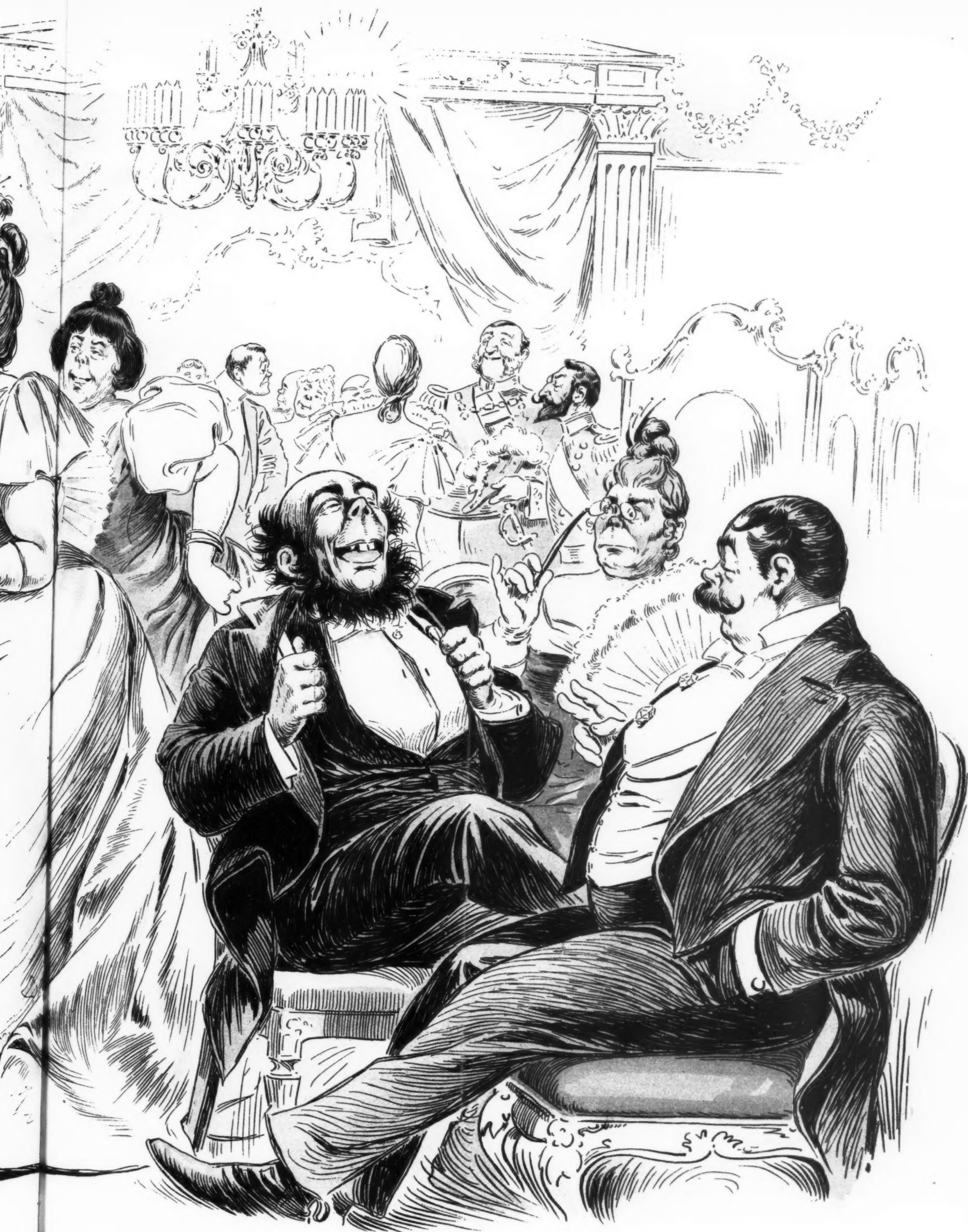
Madeline S. Bridges.

EXPOSITION OF 1993.

VISITOR.—What kind of a toy cannon is that?

ATTENDANT.—That is the Krupp Gun from the World's Fair of 1893. It weighs only 122 tons. Chicago thought it was great.





SALON DE TAMMANY.
"DO—AND MCALLISTER IS NOT IN IT!"

FOURTEEN SECONDS IN LEARNED ALLUSIONS.



IN THE making of literature, the human being of the *genus homo* is actuated by one of two motives. Up to the captivating age of sixteen his object is to satisfy the critical, St. Beuve taste of his high-school pedagogue. If, with this aim, he makes good, scratchy capitals, peppers in punctuation marks at liberal intervals, and displays a thoughtful ignorance not only of his subject but of the various remote matters to which his genius decoys him, the satisfaction of the teacher is assured, and the conservative "100" is marked on the composition paper. After the age of pupil-dom, a second object is held in view; as the young littérateur lets his side-whiskers burgeon forth, he determines that thenceforth his writings shall be ornate, polished, scholarly and profound.

To attain a scholarly style, it is the usual method to consume about ten years in studying ancient and modern history, the literatures of all languages and the philosophies of all times. It is thought necessary to have this great store of knowledge in order to be able to draw erudite comparisons, to make learned allusions, to support one's assertions with the world's great names. But my *Fourteen Second Course* makes this extravagant consumption of time unnecessary, besides giving an ease, readiness and richness of composition such as the cumbersome methods of the past could never equal. My system demands only the use of impressive names. A few examples will show the simplicity of its working, and the elegance of its results.

Suppose, first, that in a social gathering it becomes possible for you to make a few remarks about a new South France poet that you never heard of; what could be more impressive than this:

"Like Béranger in his rugged strength; like Ronsard in his broad humor; like Macer for his insight into human nature; he possesses still another quality—the salient one of Prudentius—which finishes the parallel, and places him side by side with the great Martial whom, in my opinion, he exactly resembles in the power of epic, or, as it is sometimes improperly called, 'dramatic' thought."

If this is delivered in a manner incisive and thoughtful, there can be but little delay before the cake is brought in on a charger.

Suppose, again, that some paltry soul with a desire for display ostentatiously introduces as a topic of conversation the character of Rameses II. While all are sitting in awe and ignorance, work yourself into a passion as if Rameses were a personal enemy of yours (so near has your deep study brought you to him) and vociferate:

"You speak of Rameses! I tell you that Rameses is not a name which you should mention in this society. As irreligious as Edward, the son of Edelred, as vain as Henry the Fourth, as cruel as Sebastian, he added to the ferocity of Domitian the madness of Antiochus; to the brutality of Artaxerxes the disloyalty of Pericles, and to the vandalism of Trajan the profligacy of Heinrich of Reuss. As corrupt as Henry the Fifth, as wicked as Charlemagne, as perfidious as William of Lemon, he surpassed Cæsar in immorality, Alaric in grossness, Diocletian in obduracy and Hannibal in turpitude, even as far as he surpassed Anaximander in ignominy and Turenne in infamy."

Suppose that you wish to say something about George the Second, something in a favorable vein, and you know nothing about George nor about anybody else. My method puts you *au fait*:

"George the Second! At the name we instinctively call up the memory of Henry the Eighth. But we call up, too, the memory of Edward, for both were bold and warlike; and the memory of Sebastian, for both were kindly. In sweetness of disposition, he resembled Domitian; in clearness of mind, Antiochus; in benignity, Artaxerxes; in elegance, Trajan; and in purity, Heinrich of Reuss. He was as incorruptible as Henry the Fifth, as virtuous as Charlemagne, as faithful as William of Lemon—surpassing Cæsar in morality, Alaric in refinement, Diocletian in humility and Hannibal in renown, even as far as he surpassed Anaximander in glory and Turenne in rectitude."

It is well known that jury lawyers often win great fame for their readiness with apposite quotations from the poets. To memorize the works of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Ariosto, etc., is, to a busy member of the bar, a considerable tax, but happily in no place more than before the average jury is my system without a drawback. Suppose that you wish to bring obloquy upon a murderer. Place your right hand in the bosom of your Prince Albert coat, ready to hurl forth at the proper moment, and remark:

"The first look, gentlemen of the jury, that you cast upon that debased physiognomy, must have called to your minds the words of Addison's Cato:

"I bid you gaze upon that gorgon face,
I bid you look upon that brutal brow,
And tell me here, here in this council place,
If all the vileness of the human race
Of past or present, is not here and now
Concentrate in that brutal, gorgon face."



OVER INDULGENCE.

LECTURER.—The glass-eater is dead, sir.

MUSEUM MANAGER.—What did he die of?

LECTURER.—Alcoholism.

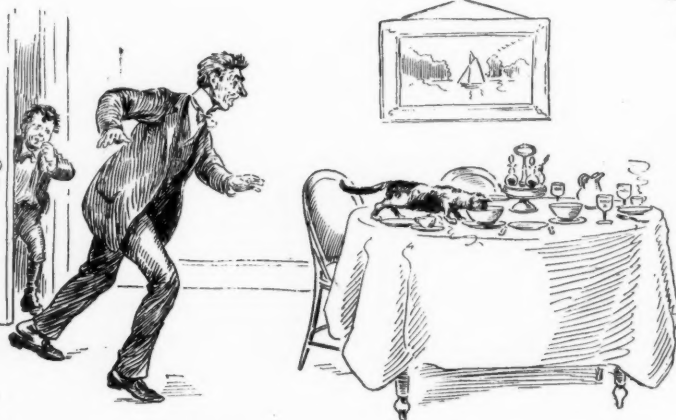
MUSEUM MANAGER.—Nonsense! The man never drank a drop.

LECTURER.—Well, somebody told me he took a glass too much.

Finally we will apply the system to a purely literary style. It will be seen that the mantle of Bulwer immediately descends upon our shoulders:

"Night! Nox! Nox and her mother, Chaos! Chaos and her grandmother, Phosphoros! Phosphoros and Zeus and Pluto! Shades! Manes! When shall the stars shine? Cambyases, Rameses, Sappho! Let the immortal procession of the gods come down the starry way! Eros—but Ares, too, and Hera! Look not into the Past! Phobos and Kratos! Lo! 'tis Argomos in Boedromion. The Neophytes assemble! Halade, Mystæ! And then the sacrifice of barley from the Rharian plain. Hail, Ceres! Kalathion! Arise, Daduchus, and search for Proserpine! Bear onward the image of Iacchus. * * 'T is the Seventh, and we halt on the Bridge of Cephissus and exchange wit and mirth with the pressing multitudes. Epiduraria. Plemochœa.

Williston Fish.



A BOOMERANG.

"There's that cat on the breakfast-table again. I'll just show her—"



—where her place is!" (But the cat had a pull.)

LINES

To the Portrait of a Lady.



DOROTHY GRACE GIBSON,
Great Falls, Montana.

MISS DOLLY GRACE, though sweet 's your face
And charming is your "figger,"
'T is plain your dress is rather less
Than what is just "de rigger."

I fear your folks, inclined to jokes,
Have treated you quite sadly;
This portrait cute, though now so mute,
May some day plague you badly.

Who knows but you, a learned "bas blue"
May be, and scorn frivolity;
And loud protest 'gainst women dressed
In barbarous "dekollity?"

And then 't will hap, some graceless chap
Will drag from its seclusion
This portrait fair, enrobed in air,
To your intense confusion.

Robley D. Stevenson.

AT THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

PYRAMUS.—It is sad that we can only meet this way.

THISBE (*cheerfully*).—But it has its bright side; Papa's dog can never get at you through this little hole.

THE WAR-CLOUD has gone, but the pensioners know that it had a silver lining.

THE NAVY is a beautiful and formidable fighting machine that spills more champagne than blood.

THERE 'S A wonderful pot of money
For the man who hits on a scheme
For a gold-cure to knock the Summer
Girl's appetite for ice cream.



A REPROOF.

MAN IN THE WATER.—Help, help! I can't swim!

REAGAN.—Be Gobbs, nayther kin Oi, meself; but yez don't hear me yelling it out as if it wor somethin' to be proud av.

COULD N'T BE.

MRS. WAYUPP.—I hear that Bella Bullion, now the Countess of Bunco, is unhappy with her husband.

MRS. HIGHUPP.—Impossible! — Simply impossible! Why, the mere floral decorations at her wedding cost ten thousand dollars.

A NEW FREAK IN THE MUSEUM.

THE FAT LADY.—I'd like to know what there is to attract public notice about that child the manager has just secured.

THE MULE-EARED MAN.—They claim he reads the "Juvenile Department" of a Sunday paper, and I understand he was discovered only after months of search. Between you and me, though, I suspect he's not genuine.



TWO SPARROWS on a fire-escape, twittering at the cat in the window, that does n't dare to jump, give us the whole story of the row between Labor and Capital, between Law and Anarchy.

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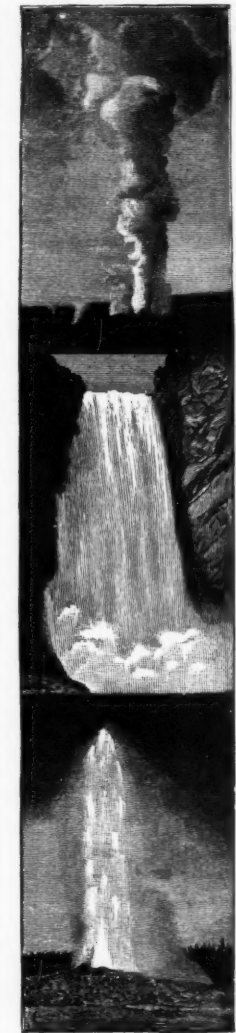
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